Volume LXXXIII CHICAGO, August 28, 1919 Number 26

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

SHADE.

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

From "The Dreamers" (Geo. H. Doran, New York).
—Theodosia Garrison.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

$2.00 PER ANNUM

ESTABLISHED 1878

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

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Vol. 1. March 1, 1876. No. 1.

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Roberts, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1919 NUMBER 26

SWUNG TO THE VOID.

Once, suddenly, I found myself alone,
Out in the void of a great city, filled
With tremblings and the cry of many fears.
Making escape out of the human deep,
I climbed heart-troubled to the leafy hills;
And stretching on a bank above a stream,
I gazed up to the dome of the high boughs,
And wondered over life and life's alarms.
And as I lay there asking for a sign,
I saw a spider flash his filmy ropes
Across the dome; saw him, with rapturous fall,
Drop on a silver cable to the void,
And hang serenely in the rosy beams
Of sunset—hang all still and unafraid.

And lo, a courage came upon my soul,
With long, long thoughts of this adventurer,
This little dweller in the floorless air,
Held in the peace that folds the earth and stars.

—*Edwin Markham.*

Amazing beyond all description is the action of the Wilson administration in supporting the policy of universal military training, at the very time when it is urging the country to adopt the covenant of the League of Nations on the ground that it will prevent future wars. Universal military training can have no other purpose than that of "making the nation safe," as Gen. March expresses it. But "safe" from what, if the League is to do away with war? Obviously, there is a contradiction here which it is impossible to evade. The National Guard Association puts the issue in a nut-shell, when it says that "the League of Nations and (the universal military) training bill can never go hand in hand. Either the League of Nations is a snare and a delusion, or there is no necessity for the passage of (this) bill." Nor is such contradiction confined to this country. A remarkable statement by Lord Rothermere, brother of Lord Northcliffe, referring to the situation in England, is impressive. "One of the real results of the war to end war," he says, "will be to saddle the exchequer with the cost of a largely increased army and navy. The remnant of the German fleet constitutes no menace. The armies of our foes are broken up. But our permanent military and naval expenditures are being planned upon a basis far in excess of our outlay on defense before the war. The air force contemplates an expenditure of more than the whole cost of our army before the war. The London *Gazette* contains nearly every day long lists of promotions and appointments in every branch of our forces. The entries of cadets for the navy at Osborne, and the army at Sandhurst, seem as large, if not larger, than ever. The heads of the fighting services appear to have in view a steady expansion of the expenditure, and no one seems disposed to check them." The fact of the matter is—blink it as we may—that not one person in authority in England or any other of the Allied countries, takes with any seriousness the League of Nations. They know that the peace restores the old system which bred this war, and that other wars therefore are bound to come. The Germans, to be sure, are destroyed; but one's friends may at any time become one's enemies! Hence the necessity of armies and navies larger than ever. The Great War!—what a tragedy of heroism and—futility!

The passing of Ernst Haeckel, of the University of Jena, brings to a definite close the great evolution period of modern science. Next to Charles Darwin himself, perhaps Haeckel did more to spread the knowledge of Darwin's teachings, and to convince the world of the validity of these teachings than any other scientist of this tremendous age. His greatness as an evolutionist is best indicated by the statement that in his own country, and through a large part of Europe, he served as a kind of combination of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer. Like Darwin, he was an original investigator of patience, ingenuity and boundless learning. In one of his prefaces, Darwin testified that Haeckel probably knew more about the details of biological evolution than he himself. "The History of Creation" is a work only second in scientific importance to "The Origin of Species." Like Huxley, Haeckel was "Darwin's bull-dog." A polemic writer of unfailing skill and courage, he fought the battles of Darwinism for more than a generation, and put to flight the stoutest antagonists brought against him. His controversy with Virchow will not soon be forgotten. Like Spencer, also, Haeckel was a philosopher, undertaking to build an original system of cosmic philosophy on the basis of the facts revealed and interpreted by the theory of evolution. Falling far short of the "Synthetic Philosophy" in scope and elaboration of detail, his "monism," as it was called, was none the less an amazingly daring and impressive attempt to explain the universe, and by many thousands of persons in Germany, and throughout the world, was accepted as a religion. In this triple capacity as original scientist, propagandist, and philosopher, Ernst Haeckel ranks easily among the intellectual giants of his time, and therefore, of all time. If

he falls short in any marked degree of the leaders of the English school—Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Spencer, et al.—it is not in essential genius or devotion, but in spirit. The great Englishmen were all agnostics; they were characterized by a touching humility of temper as they faced the wonders of the world, and confessed their ignorance of ultimate reality. Haeckel, *per contra,* was a dogmatist through and through. To him "the riddle of the universe" was no riddle. No pope ever issued a papal bull with more finality than this scientist spoke his denial of God, the soul and immortality. This spirit interfered little with Haeckel's vast achievements in his own scientific field, but it worked havoc when he invaded the fields of philosophy and religion. It will be as the well-equipped and dauntless champion of evolution on the continent of Europe, rather than as the teacher of "monism," that Haeckel will be longest and most gratefully remembered.

The life of Andrew Carnegie is one of the great romances of modern times. His Aladdin-like rise to wealth and power, his endowment of Schwab, Frick and a score of other associates with riches like his own, his share in the creation of the vast steel industry, his princely generosity—all read like chapters in a modern "Monte Cristo." But there was tragedy also in his career, especially in its closing years. There can be no question of the sincerity of his desire to be honored during his life, and remembered after his death, as a benefactor of humanity. He wanted to show the world how great riches could, and should, be used. But it was his misfortune to survive into an age which called the mere fact of wealth into serious question. Not how money was spent, but how it was *obtained,* became the ethical problem of the hour; and Carnegie, in spite of all his generosity, was ranked by the public mind with that whole group of multi-millionaires whose fortunes were challenged on the highest moral and social grounds. Furthermore, Mr. Carnegie was taught, with merciless rigor, the limitations of the power of money. For the cause which was nearest his heart was the cause of peace, and the field in which he seemed to be building most securely his fame as a benefactor of mankind, was that of international concord. Then in 1914 came the Great War, which turned his dollars to ashes, and himself to obscurity and heart-break. There was little time, during the terrors of the struggle against Germany, to think of persons; but now and then there were those who remembered the sick old man in his great house on Fifth Avenue, and meditated upon the irony of his empty peace palace at the Hague. No millionaire of modern times meant better than Andrew Carnegie. He surpassed all his contemporaries in his sturdy exemplification of the "trusteeship" idea of wealth. But it was his unhappy fate to live too late, and thus to be remembered as a supreme instance not of the beneficence but of the pathos of great riches.

The New York *Evening Post* reveals one of the reasons at least why Toscanini refused the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "He frankly admitted," says this account, "that the prospect of presiding over that orchestra did not appeal to him under the circumstances. He had heard that important changes in the personnel and the repertory had been made, for political reasons, and he had no patience with this association of art with politics." It then quotes the Italian conductor directly, as follows: "I think it is ridiculous to claim that any political propaganda can be, or ever is, made through the medium of any form of art." It is to be hoped that the mad men, or more especially mad women, who carried on their campaign against orchestras and musicians in this country during the war, will read this interview with the great musician who gave such valiant service to Italy in her conflict with Germany. It is particularly our hope that his words may be seen by those conspirators who wrecked the Boston Orchestra, the supreme band of the modern world, by exacting in the name of patriotism the "changes in the personnel and the repertory" to which Toscanini refers. It is charitable to believe that the people responsible for this tragedy, and others like it, were honest; but this is the uttermost that can be said on their behalf. Music is an art which is "above the battle" of political and military fortune. Its appeal is universal not parochial—humanistic not nationalistic. It is significant of how little America has really developed in its understanding and appreciation of the arts, that it was the one belligerent country which made music a "combatant" in the Great War.

Why is it that whenever church edifices in these days are torn down, to be succeeded by more modern structures, the new buildings are so much smaller than the old? There are some exceptions to this rule—we can think of a few modern churches which are somewhat more commodious than those which they have displaced. But in the overwhelming majority of cases, the tendency is all the other way. This might be easily explainable, of course, if our towns and cities were getting smaller—but they are not! In a community twice as large as it was a quarter of a century ago, it is not uncommon to see the erection of a new edifice only half the size of the old one. So also explanation might be easy, if the number of churches in a community was rapidly increasing. Thus

the theatres in New York and Chicago are much smaller than those which our fathers attended, but they are also much more numerous. But our churches are diminishing in number exactly as they are in size. Consolidations, and even disappearances, of long-established churches are not at all unusual! What we have here in this phenomenon, is simlpy one more indication of the fact, is it not, that our Protestant churches, orthodox and liberal alike, are losing ground. The smaller building set in the midst of the larger city or town, is indubitable evidence that organized religion, as we know it today, is steadily and surely passing. Our denominational officials are keeping up a brave front, as they face this and other similar facts; but they know just as well as we do, that they are looking straight at death!

Several correspondents, friendly and unfriendly, have written us in vigorous protest against an editorial in these columns some weeks ago on Mr. Hickson and his work of healing. We are persuaded, after reading these letters, that the editorial in question was written with little clarity, and even less kindliness of spirit, and that we are therefore justly rebuked. On the other hand, however, we are still convinced that what we tried to say in that editorial was sound and right. That spiritual healing is possible, we all know; abundant evidence in our own and all previous ages, attest this fact. But we know today, as men have never known before, what is the secret of this healing; we have ascertained its laws, and the scientific conditions therefore of its successful accomplishment. It is for this reason that we are of the opinion that to present this work as Mr. Hickson is presenting it, as an instance of divine intervention, or answer to prayer, is wrong. The lame, the halt and the blind are not healed in any such miraculous way. To assert that they are, is to revive ancient superstition, spread abroad wild rumor of astounding cures, and thus in the long run to bring bitter disappointment to trusting souls. We believe most assuredly that the church should undertake to heal the sick and the infirm, but we believe also that this work should be done under the conditions laid down by modern medical and psychological science, and not by medieval superstition. The Emmanuel Movement of some years ago is an admirable instance of how the work of healing should be done in this our time. Psychoanalysis offers still better possibilities in this field. Mr. Hickson is undoubtedly the sincerest of men; inquiry has convinced us of his essential purity of heart and gentleness of spirit. His work, however, whatever its incidental and accidental benefits, is a distinct reversion; and only a reactionary and benighted church could give it spiritual sanction.

The Opinions of Others

It is good for us to respect the opinions of others whether they respect ours or not. It is the only attitude the wise man can take, for it is important he should learn the reason why his opinion is not respected. Voltaire would never have reached the stage of wisdom from which the essay on "Toleration" came had he not learned how necessary it was to respect the opinions of others. Strange as it might seem, it was Voltaire who made it possible for the Protestants of his day to live without fear of persecution in the south of France. There are numbers of similar instances in the history of religious persecution, where men of deep conviction have won for their opponents the right to live and worship according to their beliefs. In music, literature, and art, innumerable instances abound of men of schools which differ strongly, meeting one another on the common ground of toleration. It seems to be only in the sphere of economics and politics that respect for the opinions of others is so hard to find. And, today, we frequently find something of the bigotry and persecution which underlay the religious struggles of Europe, some centuries ago, in the controversy and action arising out of our political problems. In prewar days there were antagonisms that seem to me too bitter for reconciliation, but sometimes hope glimmered through the murk of controversy, when political rivals would meet to consider methods of compromise; but now all the rivalries of the past seem to be aggravated, and to many people hope of conciliation has faded away. Respect for the opinion of others seems hopelessly lost; toleration can scarcely find an avenue in which it dare raise its head.

The havoc left by war on the battlefields of Europe is small in comparison with the havoc which the war has left in people's minds. Perhaps it is futile to expect toleration and respect for the opinion of others to be observed by the mass of men after the long period of unreason through which we have passed. We must remember in our attempt to understand the strange mental processes of our time, that, owing to our having to surrender to the authorities our body and soul "for the period of the war," we have not been ourselves. As a writer in a British review puts it, "we have been bereft of the essentials of understanding which go to make life worth living in a world not well ordered even in the piping times of peace." Dare we admit this very grave charge? There is scarcely a day passes now without some European personage of repute admitting freely that this has been the case.

Let us look at this matter a little closer. When the war began it was imperative for every belligerent government to demand immediate surrender of the

right of the individual to himself. The demand was enforced by law; in Germany, France, and Russia, by the military laws in existence, in Britain by laws made shortly after the outbreak of hostilities. These facts are well known. But this other fact is not well known, that in surrendering ourselves, we forfeited the right to use our own judgment as to the right and wrong of the issue; we put out of commission, as it were, our mental machinery, and accepted, almost without protest, that of the official propagandist. And the official propagandist acting in conjunction with the official censor governed the whole of our thought, and directed it wheresoever he desired it to go. Furthermore, when we surrendered ourselves, we passively gave our mental processes over to be victimized each day by ninety per cent of the newspapers operating under the control of the official propagandist and the official censor. And so it was with us in America when we became a belligerent. Our case was similar to that of Great Britain.

Now how is it possible for us to pass suddenly into a period of calm, in which toleration and respect for the opinion of others can influence our judgment? Is it not asking too much of any man, whose capacity for thinking things out for himself has been in a state of suspension for so long a period, to regard with tolerance antagonistic ideas, and respect the opinion of those with which his own conflicts? Why should it be any easier to do this in the terrible aftermath than it was before the armistice was signed? Have we not now all the frightful problems, which were to a great extent suppressed during the war, appearing before us, menacing the domestic and industrial welfare of all sections of society? No, it is no easy task to regain the attitude of mind in which toleration and respect for the opinion of others may be found. A man or woman must be master of himself or herself who would respect the opinion of others; he or she must enjoy the temper of sweet reasonableness if tolerance is to be exercised. And these things come not spontaneously from minds that have been distorted by the hatreds and woes of war, they are qualities which flow from minds that have been stemmed by those restraints of refinement which are self-imposed. The most regrettable feature of this lack of toleration and respect for the opinion of others, seems to me to be the want of patience on the part of so many people whose lives before the war were blessed with these rare qualities. How many men and women do we know who endeared themselves to us because of the use to which they put in times of religious and political stress these very qualities, and who now cause unintentional pain and distress by withholding them. They tell us the fault is on our side. We do not wholly deny the charge. The situation in itself is most difficult, but let us admit there are faults of this nature on both sides; faults, I believe, that could be easily removed if we could meet one another face to face. It is unsatisfactory, even at best, to attempt to clear away the miasma the war has created, by writing to one another, or indeed using any of the media of the journalist or literary man. In many respects it is too soon for this course to be pursued and result in much good. It will take a good many years for us in America to undo the work of the official propagandist and the censored press. We must pay the penalty of our surrender and silence. We are not in the enviable position of the British people who were to a very great extent in possession of facts concerning the deep isssues of the war which are scarcely known to our people. It was here, in America, of all places on earth, that the official propagandist, from the very beginning of the conflict, did his deadliest work. Not one, but a dozen, British visitors to our land during the past two or three years have remarked on the astounding difference of knowledge and opinion, in public and private, that existed between the two countries. Ever since that first week in August, 1914, when Mr. Winston Churchill gave an interview to Mr. Shepherd of the United Press, an interview gained through my influence, written solely for American consumption, I have watched carefully and closely the terrible power exerted by the official propagandist on the mind of the American people.

Not until the work of the official propagandist is eradicated from the minds of the American people can we expect a restoration of the qualities of tolerance and respect for the opinion of others. We must have facts if we are to exercise proper judgment. And if facts could be presented to those who are very dear to us I feel sure they would listen patiently and once more regain possession of their normal mental processes.

But where is the official propagandist now? Alas, his work is done, and he has retired to an oblivion, beyond the reach of his victims, who are already attempting to defend their attitude by quoting his chapter and verse. They call aloud to him to come to their aid with the facts on which he supposedly based his plausible screeds, but he has no essential facts to produce. In England the official propagandist was well known, from the first, to the intelligent public, who declined to be swayed by the passions and emotions of the time; indeed, numbers of the British people were better informed on the more important questions at issue than the official propagandist. Primarily he was created to cultivate opinion in "neutral" countries, particularly in the United States.

May not our people who have been victims of the official propagandist learn something profitable from such experiences as the publication of the "Sis-

son Documents," and other downright fabrications about Russia, and from the utterly detestable work of diplomatists regarding secret treaty making? I should have thought these instances were sufficient in themselves to make any man, who ever practiced the right of thinking for himself, reconsider entirely the whole of the information about the war disseminated by official propagandists. The work of reconsideration is going on apace in Europe, and it is high time this work should be undertaken here. All we ask our critics to do is to reconsider the whole question. We hold that the opinions of our critics are worthy of our respect. We hold that they have a perfect right to express their opinion. But we challenge the information they have based their opinions upon. Let us have done with passion and emotion and have the courage to reconsider the facts. Facts will purge our minds of all the matter merely incidental to war, facts will help us to retake the self we surrendered under compulsion, facts will restore and invigorate our mental processes, facts will undeniably hasten the day when respect for the opinion of others will be cultivated in economic and political spheres of thought and action.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE PROPHET'S VISION.

The night is gone, and dawning Day
Gleams forth with Holier Light,
For rising in the hearts of men
Shines greater Love of Right.

Old hatreds and race barriers
Will be but empty shells,
For where Self-Interest once lived,
The Good-of-All now dwells.

Forth in the Sunlight of this Day
Will stand each earthly Nation
Uniting heart and soul and mind
In true Co-operation.

No man will draw the deadly sword,
In this glad Day of Peace;
And battles in Commercial fields
Will then forever cease.

No thoughts of trenches, reeking blood,
Will wring the hearts of Mothers,
For grain will wave where bayonets flashed,
And men will live as Brothers.

The last cloud from the cannon's mouth
In this day will have curled:
For war is doomed by Union
Of the Nations of the World.

—EDWARD A. LEWIS.

Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past:
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born.
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask
Each day will set its proper task.

—*Goethe.*

Tyranny in America

The Tsar's life has been quenched in blood; the whilom haughty Kaiser is a wretched exile and, when I asked in Switzerland last May where the former Austrian Emperor was, a Viennese replied, "Who knows or cares? He is a nobody now!" Hindenburg and Tirpitz are impotent but tyranny is still very much alive. Under a camouflage of patriotism, it rears its venomous head in the land of Lincoln and of Jefferson.

There is nothing more enlightening during these days of tumultuous social unrest and strivings to overthrow the grip of profiteers than the revelations which have come to light regarding the enemies of the Non-Partisan League. The tyranny of monarchs and the tyranny of the militarist cut no closer to the quick of human life than the tyranny of those who menace a man's reputation, his bread and his freedom to speak his mind. No more interesting revelation of methods hitherto known as "Hun" methods of espionage and deceit have been given the public than those which are appearing now regarding the farmers of North Dakota. These disclose the efforts to suppress their movement to eliminate the middleman's profits which had taken $50,000,000 annually from their pockets and left them the victims of shrewd profiteers.

Their recent referendum which marks the final triumph in a five years' organized struggle and which endorsed seven notable measures that put power into the people's hands was accompanied by desperate eleventh hour efforts of exasperated exploiters. By a perfidious trick three counties of German and Russian population were intimidated from voting for these seven measures. A legal-looking document claiming that the mentioned plaintiff served notice on the owner was given out to farmers. This claimed right of acquiring "by eminent domain for the purpose of acquiring a home the following land, to wit [here the exact location is mentioned] containing 160 acres more or less according to the United States government survey thereof. Please take notice that you refused to sell or lease the same to me." This form was run off on a copying machine, a space being left for the insertion of the different names and the different holdings. Hundreds of these fake court orders were served on farmers and others. Many of these men knew little English and were terrified and turned against the League program. People who patronized parochial schools were alarmed at being told that these schools would come under the control of the state and religious teaching would be abolished. In one county a free love scare was started and a body of frantic women started for the capital to inquire how the provisions of a fake bill would affect them.

For months before the referendum, in the great twin cities of Minnesota in which big interests were concerned in controlling the railroad, banking and milling interests of the farmers, financiers employed spies and conducted papers hostile to the interests of the Non-Partisan League but pretending to be in the interest of the farmers. For ways that were dark and tricks that were vain these business men were peculiar. Their maneuvers from their headquarters in the Merchants National Bank Building in St. Paul have been exposed by Mr. Clarence Johnson, formerly in their employ in carrying on anti-league propaganda.

Says Mr. Johnson, "After eighteen months of close association with the most bitter opponents of the Non-Partisan League, it is my opinion that a large part of that opposition is based on a wholesale misrepresentation and half-truths given to the public as whole truths. The underlying and most bitter opposition to the farmers' program is based wholly on the natural opposition of a group firmly entrenched in power and opposing any change from the existing order of affairs which would threaten their control." The anti-farmer organization now in control has successfully arrayed the small town merchant against his farmer friend and customer, and the one hope of this group is that the country merchant will continue to believe that the farmer is politically incapable of actual control. The chief effort of the opponents has been to make the new movement appear tainted by lack of patriotism. During war time no cleverer method could have been selected.

Said Governor Frazier of North Dakota, "We believe that the best protection against rebellion is to assist rather than to retard evolution, and in this state it is the intention to remove discontent and prevent disorder." Today, the Bank of the People, with six billion dollars of resources back of the guaranty of deposits and soundness has become a fact. Except the federal reserve banks it will be the largest financial institution in the land. "It does not intend to become a competitor of existing banks; it desires to aid them," says the new director-general.

It is noticeable that every state in which the Non-Partisan League is organized its enemies, in 1919, tried to kill the direct primary law, and in Idaho, Nebraska and Montana they succeeded; but the two latter states are carrying on referendum campaigns to carry the question to the people, and the little Fords roll around with big red, white and blue signs upon their windshields, "Save the Primary," Few more significant detective stories have ever been told than that which is now running in the *Non-Partisan Leader* by Ralph A. Moore, in which he reveals his experience when acting as a private detective for the Thiel Detective Agency, working for the big interests in Nebraska. His story of his spying, incognito, upon the activities of the farmers organization is most explicit as to names and dates and publication of correspondence. Finally, becoming disgusted with the character of the work that he was set to do, to make amends, he offered his services to the League. Said his director, whose name he mentions, giving him initial orders, "These damned fool farmers have to be stopped."

He told me that my business would be to get evidence that the officials and organizers of the League were pro-German and disloyal. He said he wanted this information sent directly to him instead of through the Thiel agency, because the information would be useless to him if it was several days old as his idea was to get up "patriotic mobs" to break up any meetings of the farmers and to chase the league organizers out of the county. He said he did not want to see any of the organization hung, but he wanted to make it warm for them. He then went on to tell me I would find the State Council of Defense deeply interested in putting the League out of business. Both [mentioning the director and another man] informed me that they wanted to get any kind of evidence that would make it appear that the farmers belonging to the League and the League officials and organizers were unpatriotic.

The glee with which the aforesaid director arranged for tarring and feathering organizers of the League, leading in one instance to an attempt at hanging, is plainly set down, with a circumstantiality that is convincing. "We are not afraid of anything they can do," said this American tyrant. "We have all the business men with barrels of money behind us."

In a speech which is being distributed by the Methodist Federation for Social Service, Prof. Harry F. Ward emphasizes the significance of the Non-Partisan League with its 300,000 members in thirteen states, "with one of the best devised and most perfect working pieces of political machinery yet appearing in our history, controlling absolutely the legislature of North Dakota. . . The workers of brain and hand," he says, "are on the farms, and if you want to know what they are going to do in social change in this country, watch North Dakota."

While bloody revolution is devastating the earth in many lands, here a silent one has been overturning special privilege in one state and demonstrating that the ballot in the hands of hard-headed toilers can put tyranny to rout. But the battle is only well begun. The success achieved is creating counter revolution elsewhere, and in every other state the fight against special privilege with all its methods of "patriotic" camouflage and deceit must be waged until the people come into their own and tyranny is dead.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

The Church of All Nations in America may before long have its counterpart in India, if a suggestion made by the Maharajah Bahadur of Darbhanga, to which publicity has been given in *The Devalaya Review* (Calcutta) comes to anything. The Maharajah believes that the primary purpose of religion is to promote the spirit of harmony and brotherliness among men and make them realize that they are all children of God. Acting on this idea he wishes to see a "Hall of All Religions" erected in Benares, a particularly suitable place, of course, "for the location of such a parliament of all sects and creeds," in which Hindus (including Sikhs), Mussulmans, Christians, Jains, Buddhists, Parsees and Jews, with their denominational groups, such as Brahmos and Arya Samajists among Hindus, and nonconformists of other persuasions, would meet on equal terms. The scheme is elaborated so as to include a vast library, places of worship for followers of the various creeds and sects, homes for priests, ministers and teachers, and rooms for students of Comparative Religion and philosophy, and the Maharajah reminds those who would criticize it as too Utopian of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago, in organizing which the Americans, "the most practical people in the world," gave partial effect to this idea.—*The Inquirer, July* 19, 1919.

"National hatred is quite a peculiar thing. You will always find it strongest and fiercest in the lowest stages of culture. But there is always a stage where it entirely disappears, where one stands to some extent above the nations, and sympathizes with the weal or woe of a neighbor people as with that of one's own."

—*Goethe.*

News from Europe

How Bolsheviks are Made.

Writing for Helsingfors in June last, William T. Goode gave to the *Manchester Guardian* the following description of the White Terror:

Let me give first a swift recapitulation. Finland is a country living largely by agriculture and timber raising. In the south there are districts which are industrialised—with the usual results. Politically it was advanced and democratic, a fact of which Finns were proud. After the revolution and the subsequent upheavals in Russia, Finland found itself divided sharply into two camps, bourgeois versus workers, and by the end of 1917 the two were at daggers drawn; by the beginning of 1918 at death grips. The world knows the result of the struggle; how, after selling themselves to the Germans, the "Whites" were able, by German help, to crush the revolt of the "Reds."

What the world does not know, or knows at best only by vague hints, is the after consequences. The fight had been waged with great ferocity—the usual characteristic of class warfare when the most bestial passions are let loose—and hideous things were done by both Reds and Whites. But, victory having fallen into the hands of the Whites, one would have thought that a spirit of clemency would prevail and an effort be made to heal the breach between the two halves of the population, to put an end to evil conditions, and stand united before the world. But no such thing happened. The bourgeoisie—i. e., the Whites—shaken to the marrow by fear, fear for life, property, social position, and political power, began a repression that looked as if they purposed the extermination of their opponents. It is only by this panic fear that I can explain to myself the action of the Whites; no other motive suffices.

THE VICTIMS OF THE TERROR.

That there were accounts to settle, men among their prisoners to be brought to justice, nobody who has followed the war can doubt for a moment; also that the food difficulty was great and that the Whites naturally looked after their own people first. But when that is said the list of excuses is exhausted. And nothing but blind fear can explain what happened. Some 70,000 to 80,000 prisoners were penned in camps, 13 or more, and between June and September, 1918, 11,748 of them died, mostly from hunger. (From official prison records.) At Wiborg, for instance, 400 died in one month; at Ekenäs the death rate rose through the weeks of August from 4 per cent to 8 per cent of the prisoners. At Tammerfors the result of an investigation published on June 12, 1919, gave 260 killed in fighting, 475 murdered by Whites, and 381 died in prison there. When the extent of country over which action ranged and the number of camps in which prisoners were interned are considered the totals seem appalling.

Lest it should be thought I am exaggerating, let me give some results of a different kind, quoted by a member of the Christian Labor Party, M. Helenius-Seppälä, in a speech reported by "Tyd Kansa" on March 7, viz., that 23,000 war orphans had been examined; of these 10,000 had fathers alive in prison camps at the beginning of this year, leaving 13,000 to be accounted for; 760 of them were orphans of Whites, the remaining 12,240 being made up of 5,000 children whose fathers had been shot, 3,100 whose fathers had died in camps, 3,100 whose fathers had fallen in action, and 1,100 whose fathers had been murdered. This invesigation is official and is still proceeding.

The conditions of the camps were revolting and altogether inexcusable. Men were stacked, literally, in small spaces, sick and well together, and locked in. They could wash if rain fell, and those who had underclothing wore it continuously for three months. The filthy and verminous result needs no description. Hospital accommodation was practically non-existent, and reports of doctors and commandants prove this; and the sending in of food and necessaries was forbidden. To the tale of hunger, filth and disease must be added torture and beatings. I have myself seen one of the hideous instruments used and questioned a doctor who treated men after beatings, while a typical case at Tammerfors, that of Matti Koski, beaten for twelve hours, is open for all to read, though his assailant is still unmolested. Of the shootings the exact number will probably never be known, but after many investigations I have come to the approximate number of 10,000 to 12,000 men, which with the numbers mentioned before makes a grand total of deaths for which Whites were responsible, *after the war,* of 25,000 to 30,000. Many were undoubtedly justifiable, but such numbers were the result not of justice but fear.

The effect of all this in creating the state of feeling which is the natural feeding ground of Bolshevism is easy to understand. But when to this is added the numbers in the country under "conditional punishment" (at least 30,000 and put by one person at 80,000), free in person but deprived of civil rights, living under a stigma and prevented by recent administrative order from traveling from their place of abode, the belief is aroused that the government of this country has done its utmost to exacerbate feeling among the lower half of the population to the point where it seeks its salvation in Bolshevism.

I have purposely avoided recounting the horrors of the war on the part of both Reds and Whites, and forbear to mention errors of a gruesome kind occurring since. I have tried to show in short space what the White Terror was, and to indicate, from my personal experience of some of its victims, that it has really been a school of Bolshevism. That is a view I commend to the consideration of the powers who are actively engaged in crushing Bolshevism.

Cost of the Army of Occupation.

The following declaration has been issued by the governments of the United States of America, Great Britain and France in regard to the occupation of the Rhine provinces:

"The Allied and Associated Powers did not insist on making the period of occupation last until the reparation clauses were completely executed, because they assumed that Germany would be obliged to give every proof of her goodwill and every necessary guarantee before the end of the fifteen years time.

"As the cost of occupation involves an equivalent reduction of the amount available for reparation, the Allied and Associated Powers stipulated by article 431 of the treaty that if before the end of the fifteen years' period Germany had fulfilled all her obligations under the treaty, the troops of occupation should be immediately withdrawn.

"If Germany at an earlier date has given proof of her goodwill and satisfactory guarantees to assure the fulfilment of her obligations, the Allied and Associated Powers concerned will be ready to come to an agreement between themselves for the earlier termination of the period of occupation.

"Now and henceforth, in order to alleviate the burden of the Reparations Bill, they agree that as soon as the Allied and Associated Powers concerned are convinced that the conditions of disarmament by Germany are being satisfactorily fulfilled, the annual amount of the sums to be paid by Germany to cover the cost of occupation shall not exceed 250 million marks (gold). This provision can be modified if the Allied and Associated Powers agree as to the necessity of such modification.

"(Signed),

"Woodrow Wilson.
"G. Clemenceau.
"D. Lloyd-George."

The Ex-Kaiser's Trial.

The organ of the legal profession of Britain, *The Law Journal,* is very hard upon Lloyd George and his election pledge to have "the Kaiser tried and hanged." *The Law Journal* says:

It possesses no foundations whatever either in the principles common to all the jurisprudence of the world, or in any known body of law, or in any recognized code of procedure. The charge is drawn with that astute vagueness of which only the modern politician, with his eye on the electorate, is capable, the offences alleged being "against humanity and the sanctity of treaties." In other words, the justice to be administered is at present undefined, unformulated, and adaptable in advance to any conceivable situation. An attempt is being made, by mounting this piece of political play-acting in quasi-legal trappings, to pretend to the world that some question of law is involved in which some persons holding judicial office will take part, and so give an appear-

ance of legality to the proceedings. It is necessary, therefore, to make it clear that, to jurists and the legal profession generally, the whole of this vote-catching business has no more than a political interest.

Tagore and His Knighthood.

The following is the text of the letter sent by Sir Rabindranath Tagore to the Viceroy asking to be relieved of the knighthood conferred upon him by the King:

Your Excellency: The enormity of the measures taken by the Government in the Punjab for quelling some local disturbances has, with a rude shock, revealed to our minds the helplessness of our position as British subjects in India. The disproportionate severity of the punishments inflicted upon the unfortunate people and the methods of carrying them out, we are convinced, are without parallel in the history of civilized governments, barring some conspicuous exceptions, recent and remote. Considering that such treatment has been meted out to a population disarmed and resourceless, by a Power which has the most terribly efficient organization for destruction of human lives, we must strongly assert that it can claim no political expediency, far less moral justification.

The accounts of insults and sufferings undergone by our brothers in the Punjab have trickled through the gagged silence, reaching every corner of India, and the universal agony of indignation roused in the hearts of our people has been ignored by our rulers—possibly congratulating themselves for imparting what they imagine as salutary lessons. This callousness has been praised by most of the Anglo-Indian papers, which have in some cases gone to the brutal length of making fun of our sufferings, without receiving the least check from the same authority, relentlessly careful in smothering every cry of pain and expression of judgment from the organs representing the sufferers.

Knowing that our appeals have been in vain and that the passion of vengeance is blinding the noble vision of statesmanship in our Government, which could so easily afford to be magnanimous as befitting its physical strength and moral tradition, the very least that I can do for my country is to take all consequences upon myself in giving voice to the protest of the millions of my countrymen, surprised into a dumb anguish of terror. The time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation, and I for my part wish to stand, shorn of all special distinctions, by the side of those of my countrymen who, for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings.

And these are the reasons which have painfully compelled me to ask your Excellency, with due deference and regret, to relieve me of my title of knighthood, which I had the honor to accept from His Majesty the King at the hands of your predecessor, for whose nobleness of heart I still entertain a great admiration. —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that work and die
  In want and hunger and cold
That one may revel in luxury
  And be lapped in the silken fold!
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms,
  And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
  And cities with lofty halls;
And the one owns cities and houses and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long
  At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victors' song
  Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own!"

The Public. —*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

THE STUDY TABLE

*THE FIELD OF PHILOSOPHY. Joseph Alexander Leighton, Professor of Philosophy in the Ohio State University, gives us under this title "an outline of lectures on Introduction to Philosophy." The book is an introduction and intended for college students, for use in the classroom. The author expresses his purpose in these words:

the best method of giving an introductory course which might really introduce beginners to the basic problems and theories of philosophy and quicken them to some appreciation of the role played by philosophy in the whole movement of civilization, while, at the same time, giving them at least an inkling of the work of the greatest thinkers and arousing in them a desire to go to the sources.

The outline is a combination of the historical and the systematic methods of treating the great problems and theories. It discusses systematically the chief problems and standpoints of modern philosophy from the vantage point acquired by a rapid sketch of the most significant stages and types of philosophical thinking from the primitive world view up to the beginning of modern thought.

All who recall their first days in philosophy will appreciate the need of some methods by which the great systems of thought can be more easily comprehended and made more easily distinguishable from one another. The book is primarily an outline for the teacher of philosophy.

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

THE BLACKBERRY FARM.

Nature gives with freest hands
Richest gifts to poorest lands.
When the Lord has sown his last
And his fields to desert passed,
She begins to claim her own,
And—instead of harvests flown,
Sunburn sheaves and golden ears—
Sends her hardier pioneers;
Barbarous brambles, outlawed seeds,
The first families of weeds,
Fearing neither sun nor wind,
With the flowers of their kind
(Outcasts of the garden-bound),
Colonize the expended ground.

* * * *

Blossom odors breathe in June
Promise of her later boon,
And in August's brazen heat
Grows the prophecy complete;—
Lo, her largess glistens bright,
Blackness diamonded with light
Then, behold, she welcomes all
To her annual festival; . . .
"Rich and poor are welcome; come,
Make today millennium
In my garden of the sun:
Black and white to me are one.
This my freehold use content—
Here no landlord rides for rent;
I proclaim my jubilee,
In my Black Republic, free.
Come," she beckons; "enter, through
Gates of gossamer, doors of dew
(Lit with Summer's tropic fire),
My Liberia of the brier."

—*John James Piatt.*

**The Field of Philosophy,* Leighton; R. G. Adams & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

MRS. L. S. CARTER OF WICHITA.

At the age of ninety-one, so the local paper that has just been found on my desk says, she passed on. It was her long cherished ambition to live to be a hundred, providing she could still work for others to make them more useful and happy. She had many ambitions, most of them, or at least many of them, she realized to a remarkable degree for hers was a personality of tremendous will power and persistence, which enabled her to do the impossible, or what would have been impossible to the great majority of people. The most remarkable thing about her life, and the reason why space is asked here to tell the story, is that by far the most fruitful years and the happiest as she often affirmed were those after sixty. So if there be some who may chance upon these lines who have reached that age without as yet having made much of a mark, the story of what she achieved may have some helpful suggestion if not inspiration. Hers would have been a notable achievement at any age between twenty and upwards.

At sixty or thereabout she came to Kansas from Illinois. Just why she came may not here be told, but we may guess that she found it expedient to go somewhere and try her fortunes anew. Anyway, she came to southern Kansas, the hoped for Land of Promise to so many seeking to better their fortunes. She was practically alone in the world, no friends, little money, and poor health. The doctor had told her she must get out of doors or die. Perhaps that is why she came to "Sunny Kansas" where she could spend a good deal of time comfortably in the open. She had not the money to go to the more renowned and popular health resorts of California or Florida so she chose the nearest place that offered hope and opportunity. From a bequest that came through her first husband, Dr. Nathaniel Carter, she had a small income of $750 a year. But that was all, and with one son to help there was not much left for her use. With no professional or business training, what could she do to make a living? "What Could One Woman Do?"

"What Could One Woman Do" happened to be the title of a subscription book that some one placed in her hand who suggested that she try to sell it. Naturally the book appealed to her and she decided to try it. She had cold encouragement from the first minister she called on who told her there had been fourteen book-agents in the little town the last week. But her case being desperate she went ahead. She was herself a pretty good illustration of what the book set out to prove, for she showed what one woman could do when she really makes up her mind. She sold nearly 400 copies and delivered over 300 of them at a good profit. She had found one thing she could do and she kept on doing it. After covering some of the smaller towns in the southern part of the state, she decided to settle down in Wichita and cast in her lot with what Victor Murdock's father as editor of the screaming daily *Eagle* flamboyantly never tired of proclaiming to all the world as, "The Peerless Princess of the Plains."

Here, mind you, after she was sixty, she built a periodical and book selling subscription business that for a quarter of a century or more brought her a profit from $1,000 to $3,000 a year. She was recognized by leading American publishers as one of the most successful selling agents in America. In competition with the whole country she won prize after prize for sending in the largest subscriptions within a specified time for leading periodicals. Not even Marsh Murdock himself did more, nor any ten ministers or college professors, to promote the cultural life of the city. Her first *coup* was to sell in that but recently emerged cattle town forty sets of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, authorized edition. Cheap pirated editions were her abomination. It was the first class progressive journals and the best editions of standard works that she placed in the homes of the people and in the offices of the business and professional men. After placing the forty sets of the best Encyclopedia then published, in the homes and offices of the little city but a few years removed from the sage brush period, she introduced the *Forum* magazine into 500 homes and offices. Later on her sales of *Everybody's*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Saturday Evening Post* went up into the thousands, largely through her own personal persistent effort. She never spared herself. If she could not get the money down for a subscription she would let her customer pay by installments, making herself twelve times the work in collecting. In fair days and foul she went her rounds. It would have to be some storm that would keep her indoors. It is a wonder sometimes that she did not blow away, she was so frail looking and thin. But she had a will like adamant. Part of the secret of her successful selling was that she got the public to work with her. The money she made was devoted religiously to establish and support worthy institutions of community service and betterment, such as educational lecture courses, drinking fountains on the streets, libraries in schools and colleges, and the Y. M. C. A.'s and the Y. W. C. A.'s. To one college she gave her own private library, one of the finest in the country, valued at $8,000, and furniture totaling a worth of about $17,000. This library at Fairmount College, occupying what is called the Carter Memorial Room, consists of the complete works of all the standard authors in the best bindings. It would be hard to find a library anywhere of more substantial worth, not only as to the bindings, but as to the contents. It has already become one of the "show places" of the town. Here is a reading room open every day but Sunday and if she could have had her way it would be open that day, too. The room contains some family portraits and records, for although Wichita, Kansas, was a long way from her birthplace at Enosburg, away up among the green clad hills of northern Vermont, she never forgot her old home, or the home people. Her father had died when she was eleven years of age, and as there were seventeen children, she being number thirteen, she thought her mother could spare her, so she went down to Nashua, N. H., to work for fifty cents a week and board in the cotton mills there. It was a longer journey then than to cross the continent now, for it took four days in a lumbering stage coach to reach the nearest railroad station at Keene, N. H., for that was in 1845.

After a year or so she married Dr. Carter, a young homeopathic physician, and soon after they went to St. Louis, where they settled and he had a good practice. She had not much to do, and she used to speak of this part of her life as the "butterfly period." They had but two children. One died at an early age, the other son lived well into manhood, but he too passed away long before his mother.

Not only the Carter Memorial Room at Fairmount College, situated on a high branch of the Arkansas river, two miles from the business center and overlooking the city of sixty thousand people from the east, but also overlooking the city from the west side, is another institution dear to her heart which bears her name. It is a home for homeless children. This is also an enduring monument to her fine enthusiasm and untiring persistence and business ability. Then she gave large help towards building a church and practically secured a parsonage which she stipulated should be rent free for the minister. This also bears her name. It was also her plan to build an old ladies' home, and finally to establish a crematory. But time and strength were not given to accomplish these plans. However, she had the satisfaction of feeling that she had shown the world "What One Woman Can Do," even after sixty. She had the fine joy of feeling that it had been given her to serve a city though not in any official or paid capacity so long and well that one of the business men who had watched her closely through all the years summed up his estimate of her by saying that she was "the best hired girl Wichita ever had." But unlike other hired girls, she took no vacations and she had no direct pay. But the heartfelt affection of unnumbered friends and the grateful remembrance of an appreciative people whose city she served so well and so unselfishly was her exceeding great reward. And she passed on in the happy consciousness that she had made the world, or at least that part of it represented by her city, a little better and a little happier because she had lived there. Have not such as she already eternal life?

N. S. HOAGLAND.

Concord, Mass.

SERVICE.

There are strange ways of serving God;
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly, to your surprise,
You hear the whirr of seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for Him.

—*Herman Hagedorn.*

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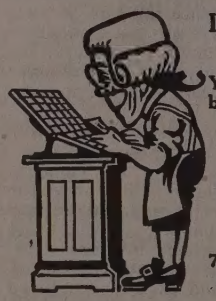

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